

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

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IN THIS ISSUE:
THE JUDO EXPERTS

Japan is a mixture of old and new. The Shinto priest beneath
a sacred tree links yesterday.





BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.



The Leper Boy

**Ugly as sin on the outside,
rich as grace on the inside.**

■ SIAGI is Luo for butter fat. One person named Siagi didn't have much in common with butter fat. He was a boy of about fourteen, who lived near the village of Siguti, on the road to Nyang'ombe.

I first met him in the latter village. Siagi was sitting on the ground, with his knees hunched up under his chin. For a moment I thought that he was a shriveled old man. I soon learned that it wasn't age that had made Siagi look old; it was leprosy. His whole body, from head to feet, was covered with the ugly sores that spell the dread disease.

I've come across many people suffering from leprosy during my

work in East Africa. The affliction usually affects grownups. Poor Siagi had learned the hard way that there are exceptions. He must have had it for years. He had never met a white man before, so he didn't speak up right away.

The catechist broke the ice by remarking: "We baptized Siagi when he was in danger of death. We named him Lazarus because he reminded us of the poor man in the Gospel. Now we're glad that you're here to give him the anointing with the holy oil."

I quizzed Siagi in the doctrine and was surprised at the grasp he has of the main truths of our Faith. I asked, "Have you walked up here every day, to study?"

"No," he answered, "I'm not up to making a trip like that every day. This sickness is really painful and I can only come to school once in awhile. I learned most of what I know about the religion from Cornelia Omolo. She lives next door to me and she has been goodhearted enough to teach me. She gives me *kuon*, too, when I'm hungry."

That morning I supplied the ceremonies for Lazarus' baptism. Afterwards I gave him a short instruction. He would be ready to make his First Communion the next day.

On the morrow Lazarus came to the chapel and received Him who showed such special consideration

to lepers while He walked this earth. After Mass, Lazarus presented me with a chicken; it was his way of showing gratitude for the new rosary I had placed around his neck after solemnizing his baptism. The next

time I visited Siguti, Lazarus managed to drag himself up to the chapel. He again piously received the sacraments.

That village

was the last stop for me on my round of villages. Lazarus heard of this and asked me if I would give him a ride home in my jeep.

"It's two or three miles down the road," he said, "and *ajoindi*" (I'm awfully cramped up).

I already had five natives aboard, plus my Mass and safari kits. But there is always room for one more so we dropped him off near his home.

That was the last time I saw Lazarus. One Sunday I asked Cornelia how he was getting along. She told me that he was doing as well as could be expected. She was sure, however, that he wouldn't be able to make the trip to where there were to be confirmations a couple of weeks later.

Lazarus couldn't wait even that long. On the next Sunday, the catechist's son told me that Lazarus had died. His passing was so peaceful that he did not realize that he was going. With him up there working for us, we can look for real progress. ■■■

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Bamboo Wireless

Father EDWARD BASKERVILLE, former Illinois medical doctor, is the newly appointed procurator at Kowak mission in Africa. He recently bought several dozen lemons at a cheap price from schoolboys, later discovered that the lemons had been taken from the mission's own trees . . . Red's box score: Missionaries left in China - priests 89 - Brothers 9 - Sisters 58 . . . The ambush of an army convoy, and the killing of ten soldiers, just a few miles from Father JOSEPH REGAN'S mission in the Philippines, proves the Reds are still active there.

* * *

Maryknollers in Hong Kong had a scare the other day when the local radio made a broadcast recalling all American sailors to their ships. Rumor had war just around the corner. When the seamen were back aboard their ships, their military scrip was redeemed for a new issue to foil Red merchants.

* * *

After two and a half years on a road gang, Wuchow's Father CHAN is finally sentenced to five years at hard labor. Also from Wuchow comes word that when Father TSANG'S mother visited the jail in which he is doing a life sentence for "spying," she was told that he is no longer there . . . Father LEO MCCARTHY, gives up his role as northernmost priest in the world when he returns from arctic Greenland this month to get ready to leave for his tropical mission in the Philippines.

* * *

From Japan Father EDWARD WALSH reports that an electrician hired by the mission mixed all the wires up. The missioner in charge gave him a dressing down. Later that day the electrician approached Father Walsh, said he liked authority, wanted to join a church with such clear convictions!

* * *

Father JOHN CONSIDINE'S new book, Africa, World of New Men, now on the Dodd, Mead presses . . . On vacation from their posts in Tanganyika, Fathers JOSEPH REINHART and ROBERT MOORE spent the time climbing Mt. Kiliminjaro, Africa's highest peak . . . Maryknollers in Puno, Peru, are teaching catechism to prisoners in the local jail, to 150 policemen, and to 400 soldiers in the local military barracks. It's part of large scale drive to reach the men of the area.



Ernest Lee uses a double arm throw on Alvin You. Both these lads are veteran members of the club started three years ago.





What do these boys think of the judo club? Father Henry's smile is the answer.

■ I'M NOT a Judo artist but I seldom miss a session of the St. Anthony's Judo Club, here on the island of Oahu. With the help of Mr. Antonio Gonzales, a professional judo instructor, I started this club three years ago. It was an experiment to keep off the street boys who like their sport on the rough-and-tumble side.

The club is open to boys of all faiths or none at all. It now has more than a hundred members, who meet twice a week. Judo gives them a chance to work off some of their boundless energy. They took first prize in a tournament in 1953.

OUR JUDO EXPERTS

BY MICHAEL J. HENRY, M.M.

**To Father it looks like mayhem
but Island boys really fall for it.**



Vernon Presnall uses a wrist twist on Robert Carlos. Vernon could easily break Robert's wrist but he uses just enough pressure to bring Bob to his knees.

The bigger they come, the harder they fall. Christopher Lopez uses a hip throw on David Dawson. Easy as pie for Chris while David wonders how he hit the mat in a rush.



The membership of this Judo Club has increased so rapidly that we nearly always have a waiting list. The dues are fifty cents a year. Approximately eleven nationalities are represented, and I have yet to see any trace of prejudice.

Most of the members are Catholic but several aren't. We take them as they come and treat them all alike, and that is "plenty rough." They like it that way, and the club has done wonders for many of them. It's one way of putting a little sugar coating on discipline.

GOITER LINE-UP

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.



■ THE GOITER work, which started at Tienchung, Formosa, about a year ago, is still going strong. We call Tuesday Goiter Day; last week 1,700 received their Lugol's Solution. The dosage starts with one drop and goes up to ten drops. Since we started it, all the other parishes have taken up goiter work. So we no longer have five or six thousand on Goiter Day, as formerly.

Hundreds have been completely cured. Many others say that their goiters are getting smaller. Some claim that old goiters, which had been getting bigger all the time, have stopped growing. Practically all say that the goiters are not as tight as they were.

Our program is not popular with the local doctors, because we have no registered doctor in charge. However, one of the Sisters here is a registered nurse. She was in charge of a large hospital in China, before the Reds expelled her and confiscated the hospital.

Regulations for dispensary work are strict on Formosa. There are doctors here by the thousands. It is one of the few professions that the

Japanese allowed the natives to take up; Taiwanese entered this work in great numbers.

The catch is that medicines are expensive. Many villagers have common ailments for which they do not go to doctors. It would be too expensive, and too many trips would be needed. Trachoma is rampant here, and the Government is trying to do something about it in large cities. Ringworm and many other skin diseases are quite prevalent in the country villages. Great numbers of the people in the country, and also the poorer people in the cities, need more vitamins.

What little we do for these people, they seem to appreciate sincerely. I think they are more friendly than the people in China, where I worked for fifteen years.

We will have 250 ready for baptism by Christmas. Another class, equally large, is preparing for baptism; they will be ready before many more months. The Church has a great opportunity on Formosa. I hope you will pray that we may not be stopped here as we were on the mainland, just when everything was opening up.

■ ■



Big Man, Big Heart

BY ROBERT HEILMAN

Copyright: *Seattle Times*

They came to the roof to jump off and found a church up there.

■ IT'S hardly any wonder that Father Leopold H. Tibeser has done such an enormous job in Japan.

For one thing, the little nation of islands has a big need for Christian leadership — the kind Father Tibeser provides.

For another, the Maryknoll missioner is a big man; he weighs in at 230 pounds.

For a third, Father Tibeser has a big heart; not just big in the sense of being generous, but also of being courageous; of fighting for the souls of men with tenacity and urgency, and yet patiently, in the knowledge that the will of God cannot be hurried.

Father Tibeser has known sym-

pathetic suffering, the yearning to help people like those of Japan, beset by so many problems. He has known personal suffering, too. Eighteen months in bed with a combination of tuberculosis and Manchurian fever is no picnic for any man, least of all one so fond of being active in the service of the Lord.

Father Tibeser came back to Seattle recently for a visit, back to hundreds of friends he made in the Pacific Northwest as pastor of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church, and as a moving spirit and an inspiration during the dark days of relocation for the Japan-born and American-born Japanese.

Father Tibeser was a pastor in

Seattle from 1935 to 1945. In 1946 he officially and literally was the cook at the Maryknoll Fathers rectory and unofficially was taking care of Japanese-relocation work.

The Maryknoll priest likes to recall wartime experiences with the Japanese at Camp Harmony, in Puyallup, and the times friends teased him with the remark:

"Well, at last the Catholics and the Protestants have got together." Both were well represented at Camp Harmony, and so were Buddhists.

After eight solid years without a break in Japan, Father Tibesar returned recently to the United States on a rare leave. For one thing, he needed a physical checkup. For another, he wanted to be present for the silver-jubilee anniversaries of two of his brothers, who have been in the priesthood 25 years.

There were eight children in the Tibesar family, five boys and three girls. Four of the sons are priests. One of the three girls became a nun, Miriam Agnes, a Maryknoll mission Sister, who was a prisoner of the Japanese in the Philippines during the Second World War.

Twinkles appear in Father Tibesar's eyes when someone mentions the fact that his family has sacrificed much. "You've all given a lot to the Lord," is a remark he hears often. "That depends on how you look at it," says Father Tibesar. "Some people tell me: 'Golly! The whole Tibesar family is living off the Church!'"

Fifty-five years old, Father Tibesar has a hearty smile, a firm grip, auburn-red hair and boundless enthusiasm. His father was a native of Luxembourg.

Japan's greatest need is for trained leadership. We must look to America for scholarships to train more priests, Sisters and laity, to meet the social problems of the day in the light of the Church's program for Christian Society.

— Father Tibesar

"But the family originally came from Spain," says the priest. "Possibly of Moorish origin, which makes me look the way I do."

Moorish? He looks Irish!

Although Father Tibesar spent his longest tour in Japan during his recent assignment, he'd been there as early as 1926, as a language student. In that period he also spent four years in Manchuria, with side trips to the Philippines and missionary tours in North Korea.

The priest is concerned so little about his health that he climbed out of bed after a serious illness without the permission of his physician, but he is concerned deeply with the welfare of his people wherever he is.

"The years 1946, 1947 and 1948 were the worst in Japan," recalled Father Tibesar. "We couldn't ask the Army for any help and all food was rationed. But at last we got a church started — the Church of St. Francis Xavier — which is going strong today in Tokyo, on top of a department store."

Father Tibesar found out all over again, as any priest does thousands of times during his lifetime, the strange ways in which the Lord works wonders.

The department store is in the

heart of Tokyo. The church was established on the seventh, and top, floor of the building, which had been bombed out during the war. Since then, of course, the structure has been restored, and the marts of trade have reclaimed it, floor by floor, until now it flourishes again as a store. Throughout all this the church on the top floor has functioned.

"The young people of Japan were terribly discouraged," the priest said, pausing over a cup of coffee in the new Seattle residence of the Maryknoll Fathers. "Some of them came up to the top of the hollow building to jump off the roof and kill themselves — and found a church up there."

An adroit hand at giving guidance, Father Tibesar steered many a saddened Japanese into catechism classes.

"There must have been about 4,000 who studied there during the years," said Father Tibesar. "I've never used pressure in helping anyone into the Church. I just tell them: 'The decision is yours, but once you've made it, you've got to stick with it.'"

With such gentle tactics, Father Tibesar saw the baptism of about 450 Japanese in the church on top of the store.

"You see, our visitors didn't all become baptized," said the priest, "but none of them jumped off the building, either."

Today there are three daily Masses said in the church, perched high and surrounded by stores, geisha houses, restaurants and shops.

During the tour of spiritual duty in Japan, Father Tibesar started the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which now has 220 conferences, or chapters, throughout Japan. He also put the

Catholic charities organization on a national scale, and a year ago he directed establishment of a new headquarters.

Overpopulation of Japan is a problem which causes Father Tibesar grave concern. As a Catholic, he is pained deeply at the widespread birth control and abortion which have become a part of the Japanese national picture. National *hara-kiri* is what Father Tibesar considers such practices.

"It is a terrible thing," he said, "to hand a man a knife and say, 'Brother, stick this knife into yourself and you will oblige all society.' That is what has been done to the Japanese."

Overpopulation has been a national problem of the Japanese for 30 years, Father Tibesar points out. Many persons think it was only a subterfuge cooked up by the militarists as an excuse to start war. It is true they publicized the problem, but the problem existed nevertheless, the priest says.

"Japan can't produce any more than 80 per cent of what it con-

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eral Income Tax purposes.**



Father Tibesar was a friend in need to these people during dark relocation days.

sumes," says Father Tibesar. "The experts can say what they like about changing the national diet, but still the population can't be fed. Birth control has been the only solution proposed. Such a national policy steps on the toes of all Catholics, in Japan and everywhere.

"According to Catholic principles, when people don't have enough room in which to live, and food to eat, they are entitled to go out and get it for themselves.

"Having exhausted every means to secure its livelihood, its necessary means of subsistence, if other nations still do not help to solve its problem, a nation would be justified in going to war to satisfy its needs.

"Such doctrine, based upon the natural law of survival, is the teach-

ing of sound theologians like Da Vittoria."

Living off the industrialization of Japan is not enough for the whole population, the priest believes, because of the nation's lack of raw materials. And yet the Japanese never have been permitted to emigrate fully.

"Obnoxious?" inquires Father Tibesar. "Yes, they are obnoxious — for they are hungry. All around the Asiatic rim they have found doors closed upon them. They must have some place to which they can emigrate. They must be able to move about freely. If more come to the United States and intermarry, it will help.

"As long as the parties and the parents are satisfied, I couldn't re-

fuse to marry Orientals and Caucasians. The same with Negroes. Remember, the United States will continue to be the United States, regardless of color, if it maintains its principles."

The Maryknoll priest is pleased at some relaxation of the old rules.

"United States laws are marvelously better than they used to be," he says. "At last they've allowed the Japanese girls to come in. The Japanese realize they want something they haven't got — national sufficiency. They don't know what it is but they know it's something they lack.

"Japan has no Christian background. Here in America our democracy is the result of our Christian background. Without a Christian basis, we cannot survive as a democratic nation." Nor can Japan, he believes.

Father Tibesar naturally is grateful that the number of Catholics in Japan has increased 20 per cent a year — doubled since 1946 — so that there are now 200,000.

It is incredible that the big priest,

toiling long and hard, has assembled so much good stockiness on the frame which weighed only 150 pounds when he came back from Manchuria after his illness years ago.

The toil has not smothered Father Tibesar's sense of humor, although it has strengthened his faith. He is proud of the rosaries made by the Japanese under his direction and of his vestments, and Japanese response to Christian teaching.

"All my vestment-makers are Buddhists," says the priest, "and they're good! They'll all come into the Church, someday."

Opposed to high-pressure methods, Father Tibesar has worked wonders in the name of Christ in a foreign land, but he minimizes his success with characteristic grace and humor.

"I always have been a lazy man," said Father Tibesar. "I have been lazy enough to sit still, wait for opportunities to come to me, and then use them as best I can."

If Father Leopold H. Tibesar's zeal can be described as laziness — the world needs more loungers. ■

INDY ANN VISITS THE MOON

BY PAULI



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Sister Marie Suzanne is a missionary Marist Sister. She founded the celebrated leper asylum at Makogai in the Fiji Islands and worked there for twenty-five years. She continued her research work at St. Louis Hospital and Pasteur Institute, Paris. Then she established her laboratory at the Propagation of the Faith leprosarium in Lyons.

Father Joseph Sweeney told me about Sister Marie Suzanne only last December. Father Joe had seen a lot of leprosy in the twenty-seven years he served victims of this dread disease at the Maryknoll leprosarium in South China. When he told me that I should look up Sister Marie Suzanne in Rome, I paid attention. My visits with her proved to be a treat, indeed.

When Sister Marie Suzanne talks to you about her research, you are in for a real experience. I met Sister for the first time at the Superior Institute for Hygiene in Rome — a world center devoted to research in the fields of vaccines and antitoxins. She was collaborating with Doctor Penso, who is recognized as one of the world's leading microbiologists.

Doctor Penso told me that Sister Suzanne had isolated what seems to be a "brother" of the leper bacillus, which science has named "Mycobacterium Marianum." This, introduced into guinea pigs and mon-

keys, produced an anti-toxin that definitely disintegrated the leper bacillus. Tests made with this vaccine in French Cameroun, in Central Africa, were notably successful.

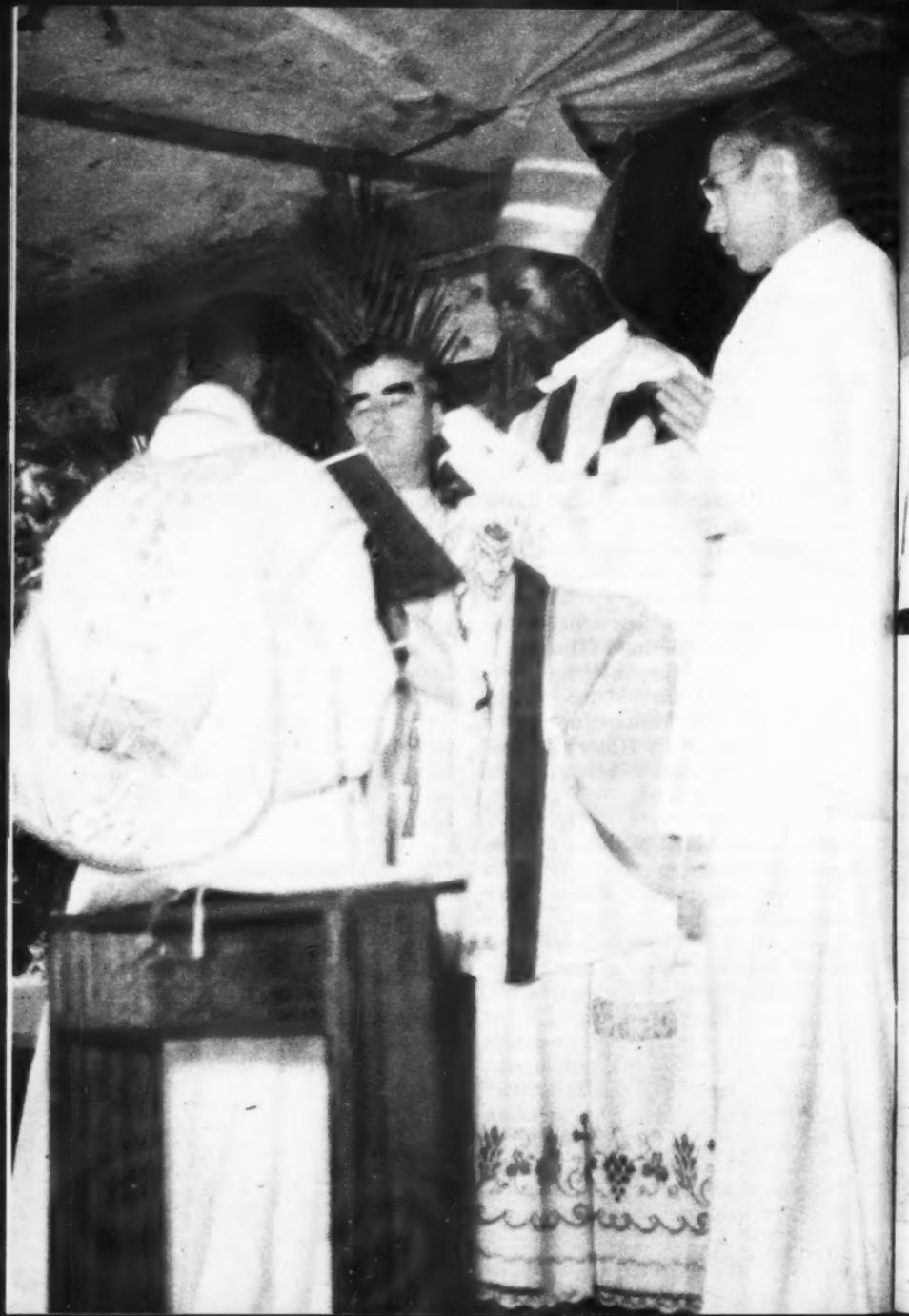
To see the bacillus Marianum at work in highly magnified photographs of the process is something to be remembered. Sister Marie Suzanne's early work was done on a shoestring, and we can only hope that she may be spared for many years, to continue long at her task.

At the International Congress of Leprosy last year, Sister showed her slides. Her lecture captivated the audience. Those specialists knew technical terms and could see results. Their vote of praise for the achievement of this quiet Sister-worker was historic.

The Missionary Marist Sisters are in charge of leper asylums on the island of Tonga and in the Fiji Islands. They are conducting continued research. This is expensive. Their headquarters are at Framingham, Massachusetts. Perhaps you can give them a lift.

May God bless them and their Sister Marie Suzanne!







Tanganyika's first native bishop and Musoma's first native priest pose for our photographer following Nyegina's historic outdoor ordination ceremony.

FIRST PRIEST FOR MUSOMA

■ THE SUCCESS of a mission is to be measured by the number of native priests it produces. Maryknoll's young Musoma mission in Africa has just seen the ordination of its first native son.

He is Father Lawrence James, a member of the Bakwaya tribe. His people live in the South Mara district of Tanganyika, near our Nyegina mission. Father James is the first of his tribe to become a priest.

Because of the importance of the event, Monsignor Gerard Grondin,

of Westbrook, Maine, arranged for the new priest to be ordained at the Nyegina mission. A native prelate, Bishop Lawrence Rugambwa, came up from his Rutabo Diocese to perform the ceremony (left). Fathers Paul Bordenet, of Linton, Indiana, and James W. Lehr, of Elmhurst, New York, assisted the bishop during the ceremony.

Father James will work alongside Maryknollers. He has been assigned to our Rosana mission to work among the Bakuria people. ■■

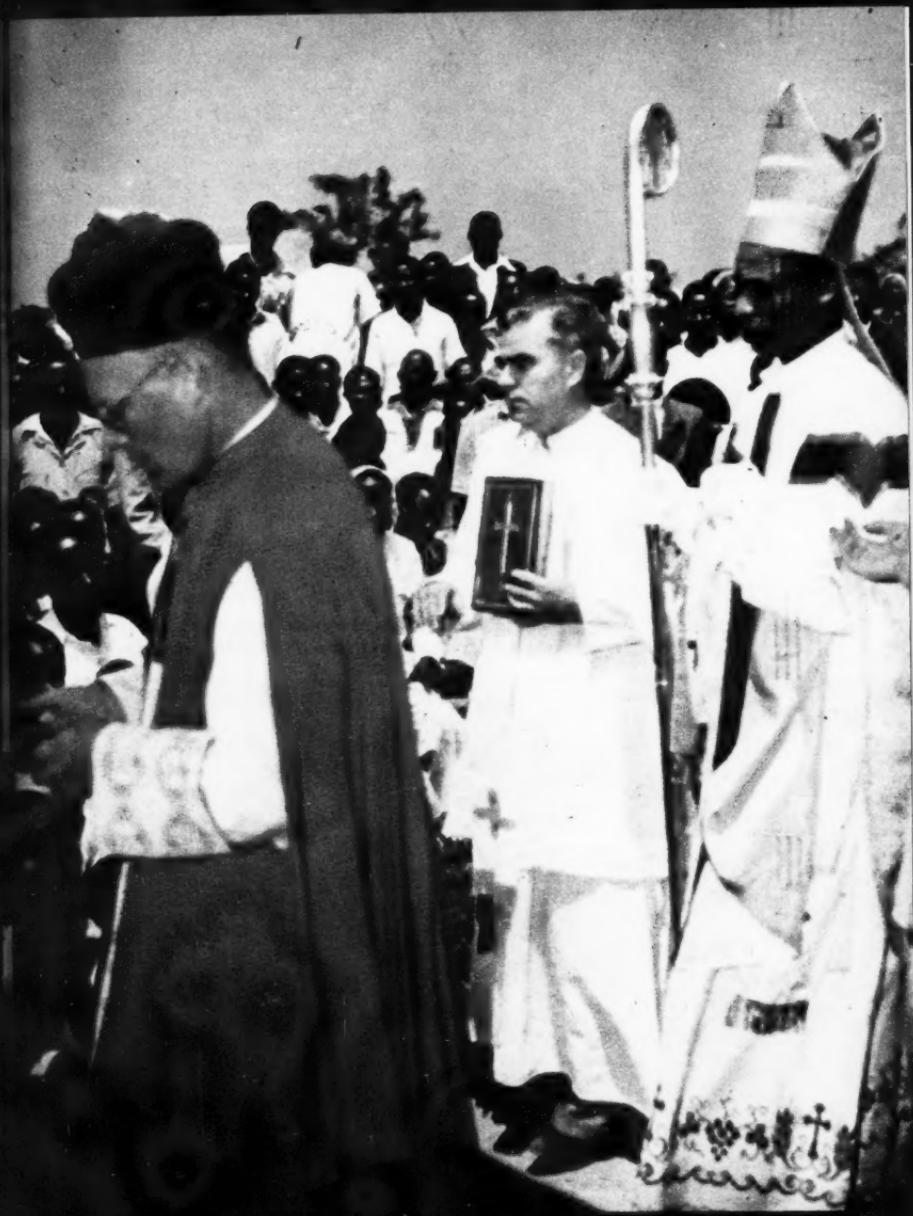
AN AFRICAN PICTORIAL REPORT FROM ARTHUR H. WILLIE, M.M.



Father Renatus Butibubage (above), secular priest from Mwanza and former seminary professor of Father James, preached the ordination sermon to the gathered thousands. A solemn moment (below) draws the attention of all.



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Following the ceremony there was a procession through the crowds of tribesmen, none of whom had ever seen an ordination ceremony before.



Bishop Blomjous (with pipe), White Father from Mwanza, came back to Musoma where he once governed. Maryknoll's Monsignor Grondin (left) succeeded him.



At a reception given to tribal chiefs of the area, Monsignor Grondin and the bishop swap stories. A Maryknoll Sister (right) gets a first blessing.



"He'll Have to Die; I Can't Spare Any Money Now."

YOU wouldn't say that. If the boy were here, gaunt and shrunken with his empty stomach and his empty rice bowl, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd give.

Probably you threw crumbs to the birds this morning. It isn't hardness of heart that keeps Maryknoll from receiving the aid needed in this desperate time.

It is because the birds are at your door and the boy is half a world away.

Once this boy was fat and rosy, the joy of a home, the hope of a nation. He may grow up to be great—a statesman, an artist, a scientist or poet or inventor. Or he may not grow up at all.

We have had to watch so many of them die. They go out quietly, like small flames. You only read about it, but we see it happen.

We have prayed, of course; but God works through human instruments. He expects us to do something—the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Members. He expects *you* to do something.

This page of print is the only way we have of reaching thousands of people in a hurry, so that the children of China, now refugees in Hong Kong, may be saved, so that the fires of their lives may burn a little longer, so that they may live on into China's better times ahead!

Please don't put it aside. Read it, believe it is literally true, realize somehow what it means in terms of life and death. Can you spare a dollar, two, five? Will you? "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll, New York





The MAN in her LIFE

BY THOMAS J. McCARTHY, M.M.

■ MERNA is only thirteen years old but she represents a people, the Maya Indians. Having lived in Chacsinkin all her life, she knows no evil, is simple, wholesome, and Maya through and through. I am glad that she speaks but a few words of Spanish, for it means that she will remain her natural self, keeping the simplicity that is the greatest asset of the isolated Mayas.

Her little body is strong and straight, from pulling up leather buckets of water out of deep wells, and carrying jars of corn on her head. Her dress is short, for she is not yet old enough to marry. In her village, there is a young man waiting for the time when Merna will begin to wear the *huipil*, the long white embroidered dress. Over her shoulders, she will put a shawl, made of glittering, colored silk. In her hair there will be a silver comb, or a red ribbon.

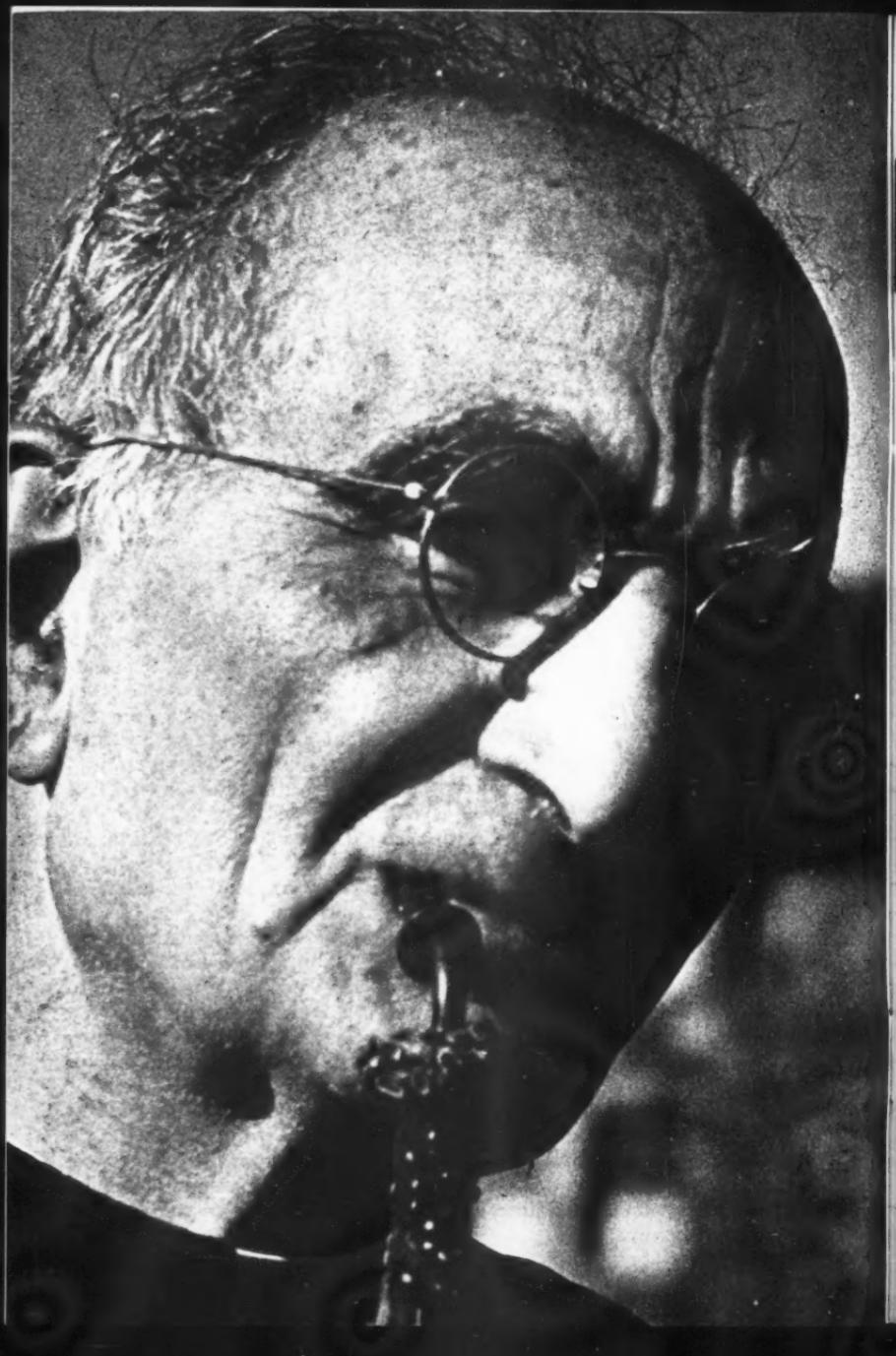
When she goes to Sunday Mass for the first time in this grownup dress, she will look exactly like every other Maya woman in Chacsinkin. Eyes will turn toward Merna on that day, and she will be happy and beautiful. She will not know of, nor miss, the cosmetics that are sold in the city far away. She will never need to depend on artificialities to enhance her beauty.

Everything about her is valuable. Her necklace is of gold. The long chain that suspends the large medallion of the Virgin Mary is a costly one. She is completely at home in a kitchen, and can care for children, carrying one astride her hip. All these — her gold, her virtues, and her abilities — are her dowry.

The sky over our village is dark now with smoke. A short distance away, a jungle youth is watching it with his father. Romulo is looking at what will be their cornfield this spring, when the rains begin. He will plant seeds among the limestone in a patternless manner, and later will return home, carrying bundled firewood on his back. His load will be suspended by a broad band from his forehead.

For many years now, he has been working with his father, learning a way of living. A few years ago, he realized that he knew how to burn a cornfield, to plant it, and later to store the dry cobs upside down in a crib so that vermin could not attack them. His father kept him by his side, day after day.

Perhaps Merna will be at Romulo's side when he begins to build a house of his own. I hope so, for these two are prepared for life. They will be loved by all, for they smile easily and are humble. ■ ■



BEDROCK

At eighty, his pace outstrips that of a man only half his age.

BY MARK L. KENT, M.M.

■ "SISTER MATTHEW laughed out loud at that one," said Father Cotta. To get the full impact of that statement you have to realize Sister Matthew is almost completely paralyzed; her body has been racked with an agony of constant pain for five years.

Father Anthony Cotta has been the chaplain at the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse for 28 years. His daily visits to the sick, his medicine of good cheer and sympathetic understanding, have become proverbial.

Concern for the sick is no recent development in the life of Father Cotta. He began his career as a missionary in 1898, on the island of Madagascar. The Malagasy tribesmen among whom he worked were grateful for his services in the dispensary.

However, while Father Cotta was busy with the corporal works of mercy, the Malagasy were getting so tired of foreign rule that, in 1904, they revolted. The natives assured Father Cotta that he had nothing to fear. But soon the rebels made no distinction. It was the black men

against the white men, even him.

On December 3, Father Cotta was vesting for Mass when Peter, his altar boy, came into the sacristy. In a frightened voice he said, "The rebels killed Father Coindard." (Father Cotta's nearest confrere.) Peter continued to stare but did not dare to say, "Your turn has come."

Father Cotta, without any apprehension, changed to black vestments and started a Requiem Mass for his friend. At the *Pater Noster*, he sensed a voice within him asking, "Will you be able to finish Mass?"

Suddenly a savage cry summoned him. "This is it," he thought. He consumed the Sacred Species and went to the door of the church. There he was confronted with a semicircle of seven or eight Malagasy.

Isivahoaky, the head of the tribe, broke the silence: "The country is unsafe, give me a letter to the bishop so my son can return home." (His son was a boarding student at the mission school.)

As the chieftain spoke, two Malagasy passed stealthily behind Father Cotta. One was a splendid specimen,

herculean in build. Father Cotta felt something touch his shoulder — he jumped four or five feet. He faced the two men and saw the hands of one still high and coming down. It was obvious that one of them had meant to choke him to death.

"What are you doing?" asked Father Cotta.

There was no answer. Then Father Cotta said to Peter in French, "They meant to kill me."

Father Cotta turned to the chief and said: "You want a letter to recall your son. All right, but give me time to get a cup of coffee first."

"Coffee? Coffee?" asked the chief.

"Yes," said Father Cotta.

He patted the chief on the shoulder, and Isivahoaky led the others off to the village. By that time Father Cotta was really frightened. With Peter and Stephen, he ran down to the river, crossed over and sought safety in the primeval forest. Then followed three days of danger and narrow escapes, until Father Cotta arrived safely at Fort Dauphin.

Shortly after this escapade, Father Cotta's eyesight began to fail. Doctors ordered him to France. What his fellow missionaries thought of Father Cotta is summed up in the message that followed him: "We want you back, even if you're blind."

However, the doctors advised against a tropical climate so Father Cotta's next assignment was to

north China. His first memory of that country was a Pontifical Mass, in the Cathedral at Peking. He heard the full notes of the organ peal out in the beautiful music of Handel's "Resurrection." The clear voices of a large group of Chinese seminarians gave a faultless rendering of the chant during the Pontifical Mass.

"Am I really in China?"

Father Cotta asked himself. "This is as well done as music heard in a basilica in Rome." Then and there a strong conviction came over him that the Church in China was no longer in its infancy.

After Mass, Father Cotta met Father Philip Chao, the organist whose rendering of sacred music had so surprised and delighted him. Father Cotta's first impression was one of reverence. The young Chinese priest was neither solemn nor distant but his priestly personality had a sure dignity and a charming simplicity. Later Father Cotta was to understand better the reverence with which his Chinese friend had instinctively inspired him. Father Philip Chao was the son of a martyr. As a seminarian, he had suffered harrowing experiences during the Boxer Rebellion.

Throughout the Mass, Father Cotta was torn by conflicting feelings. He experienced joy in the visible fruit of the missionaries' labors in China, but he was nettled by a question. Often the same query was

WE ANSWER ALL MAIL

directly we receive it. Sometimes, however, a letter does lack a name or return address. If you do not receive a quick answer, please let us know.

destined to confront him in the years that followed: Why was there no Chinese bishop gracing this splendid function?

Little did Father Cotta then foresee that the first Chinese bishop to be nominated in 1926, after an interval of some two hundred and fifty years, would be Father Chao.

The theme that kept running through his mind during the ensuing years was what he had heard Father Pouget say in the seminary: "Missionary work can be successful only through the establishment of the native clergy in its fullness."

This conviction came to a climax in 1916, when Father Cotta wrote a memorial to Rome, outlining the need and championing the right of the Chinese to become bishops and take command of the Church in China. What saddened Father Cotta was the complete divergence between the Pontifical directions and the tendencies prevailing throughout China. It is the will of the Holy See that all Christians live their own lives. Yet the Chinese clergy were treated as minors; the Church in China, as a spiritual colony.

An intimate later told Father Cotta that when Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of Propaganda, read the memorial, work was started immediately on the encyclical *Maximum Illud*. The fact that this pathfinding encyclical quoted substantially from Father Cotta's memorial proves the sureness of Father Cotta's grasp of the subject.

This encyclical, written in 1919, had a direct bearing on the epoch-making consecration of six Chinese bishops in Rome in 1926. Among

those consecrated in Rome that day by Pius XI was Bishop Chao, whose organ playing had so delighted Father Cotta during the first solemn Mass he attended in China.

The consecration ceremony in St. Peter's was impressive but Father Cotta was not there for this glad occasion. He celebrated this culmination of his dreams with his old friend, Father James A. Walsh, at Maryknoll. Father Cotta had first met the cofounder of Maryknoll in China in October 1917, when Father Walsh was looking for a field for his young Society.

This meeting eventually led to Father Cotta's climbing Sunset Hill to Maryknoll in 1922, to give the young Society the benefit of his mature mission experience. Father Cotta became a Maryknoller. He is "very, very happy that things worked out so that he could become a part of Maryknoll."

He brought to Sunset Hill a flock of oversized pipes, a camera, a keenly alert mind and a winning personality. Almost immediately his photographs began to spark the pages of Maryknoll's magazine. Visitors to Maryknoll were delighted with his funny quips—used to throw them off guard as he clicked the shutter in an era long before candid shots became a fad. He became known to thousands over the country as Father Foto.

Father Foto's effects on the Maryknoll magazine were good but his influence on the seminarians was even more important. The students learned from him how to take photos with lots of human interest. Father Cotta started the tradition that pro-



We ALL Thank You

Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been accomplished under God, by your support, both spiritual and material. We have counted on your prayers. We have used your money always — we have none of our own.

We are middlemen; we pass along to our missionaries and their needy people what we receive from you.

Your gifts to our work are like stones dropped into a pond. They cause ripples to rise and spread, and the effects are felt in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, even in years to come. We hardly need to mention you will receive a reward on Judgment Day, because your assistance to us helps the "least brethren" of Our Lord.

Like you, we are limited by our funds. But like you, also, we stretch our funds and our energies to every length. We put your money to work overtime where it will do the most good for God and souls.

Thank you. God bless you!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

duces the storytelling pictures you find in this magazine. Father Cotta was generous in passing on to the students his know-how.

Father Cotta's interest in photography dates back to the day in Madagascar when his bishop gave him a camera and told him to try his hand at taking pictures.

On ordination day at the seminary, the property is dotted with groups of relatives and friends who have come to Maryknoll to share this great day with the new priests. It's one of Father Foto's busiest days. He visits each group and captures on film precious souvenirs of this happy occasion. For days afterwards, Father Foto's darkroom is a beehive of activity. He's turning out prints which he will mail to the families and friends of the newly ordained priests. On profession day at the Motherhouse he performs a like service for relatives and friends of the newly professed Sisters. Grateful families treasure these souvenirs.

One of the hallmarks of a priest is his love for and intimacy with Sacred Scripture. Father Cotta's knowledge of the Bible, especially the New Testament, is phenomenal. He brought to the seminary in Paris as a young man an unusual appreciation of Saint Paul's writings. Even as a student he was able to quote freely and effectively from St. Paul. Father Cotta's love for the scripture goes far beyond mere rote. He can give the background, explanation and application of the texts he quotes. The grasp he has of the New Testament is factual evidence that he has devoted a lifetime to studying this record of

MARYKNOLL

the life and words of Jesus Christ.

The other night at supper, Father John Ruppert (now a missioner in Hawaii) was telling me about an all-day hike he went on while he was a student. Father Cotta went along, too. After lunch, Father Ruppert, then a deacon, was talking to Father Cotta. Seeing that it was getting late, he asked Father Cotta to excuse him; he and some other deacons had to get back to the seminary to finish the breviary.

"Why go back to the seminary?" asked Father Cotta. "Why not say your Office here?"

"What will we use for books?"

"Where are you in the Office?" asked Father Cotta.

"We're up to Prime," said the deacons.

"O.K." said Father Cotta. "We can say it here. I've got the book in my head." Father Cotta recited the Office for the feast of St. Joseph from Prime right through Compline, proper parts and all. He recited from memory about twenty pages of Latin, thus illustrating something typical of his generous nature. Sharing any talent he has, is a must with this man who has devoted all of his adult life to serving his neighbor.

Several generations of Maryknollers have been privileged to come under the influence of the kindly, genial personality of Father Cotta. His attitude towards the men and women of the various races of the earth is closely patterned after Christ's. His love for all men regardless of their color is deep in the bedrock of his soul. This Cairo-born priest has traveled widely and met a generous cross-section of the human

race. His mission work in various parts of the world has served to deepen his conviction that all men are brothers.

Often memories come crowding in on a man who has spent a lifetime serving his neighbor. The memory of his mother is her favorite saying: "My heart is warm."

He remembers the time he and his brothers and sisters (there were fifteen children in the family) had quite a discussion over the fact that grownups were so serious. The youngsters asked each other, "How is it that grownups seldom laugh?" and assured themselves that they would never be like that.

He remembers his seminary professor, Father Pouget. At the age of 73, Father Pouget memorized the whole of Isaias in Hebrew, despite the fact that he had only 1/300th of normal vision and could read only with the aid of two magnifying glasses. Father Pouget habitually recited the entire Divine Office completely from memory. Yet he was kindness itself to slow students.

But the outstanding memory is his friendship with Father Vincent Lebbe, the kindly Belgian missioner who is revered as the modern apostle of China. The friendship was, in Father Cotta's own words, "a warm one that lasted over 40 years in good days and bad days, without a cloud and without a wrinkle."

Father Cotta is now over 80, and he walks at a pace that's hard for me (less than half his age) to keep up to. Once he passed me on a path and said with a grin, "I hate to think that when I get old like you I'll have to walk that slowly." ■■



Marina Wins the Race

Grandmother ate humble pie.

What's more — she relished it.

BY J. EDMUND McCLEAR, M.M.

■ IT'S FUNNY how a person begins to think that he is running the whole show, only to find that he is just a rusty cog in the works. A case in point came up not long ago in a mountain village of Guatemala. A man told me that his sister was sick. He said she was not getting along too well with the man with whom she was living. He wanted to know

if I could persuade her to leave the man — the couple weren't married — and perhaps cure her at the same time. I visited the couple but did not get very far in my attempts to break up the romance. I told them that if they insisted on living together they would have to get married. They agreed, and I arranged to have a catechist teach them some doctrine.

That weekend I was to leave on a month-long trip. I wanted to give Marina the sacraments before going. The girl is twenty-one and tubercular.

On Saturday I sent my catechist to the couple's house, to find out

when they wanted the marriage. He returned in half an hour with bad news. "There will be no wedding, Padre," he said.

"Someone change his mind?" I asked.

"No, but the man is in jail. He was caught running contraband."

I wasn't happy about the deal. It was true, I would be back in a month, and I figured Marina would live that long. She didn't look as though she were about to die. But a month is a long time, and eternity stretches on endlessly. I didn't like to leave without making sure Marina was ready for the journey. What could I do? For the life of me, I couldn't find a way that wouldn't make a mockery of the sacraments.

As I pulled out of town the next morning, I passed the trail that led up to the house of Marina. I stopped my big horse, Welcome, and sat there, thinking. I tried to figure out a way that I could confer the sacraments. There was one feature that worried me; Marina's baby wasn't baptized. All week I had been trying to persuade them to bring the baby in for baptism but they didn't seem interested. The baby was small for thirteen months but it wasn't sick, so I had no reason for baptizing it in the home.

I remembered warning the grandmother that perhaps the child would die in my absence. All I received

from her was a toothless grin and the retort, "Perhaps it won't die."

Finally I shrugged my shoulders and rode off. As far as I was concerned the matter was completely in God's hands. I hadn't gone three minutes down the trail when He decided to take charge and do something about it.

I saw a woman running toward me. As she came up, I asked where she was running to in such a big hurry. She told me that Marina was having convulsions; it seemed as though she were dying. I was pretty sure that was not the case but decided to return and investigate.

As I entered the house, the solution came to me in a flash. Marina was neither in convulsions, nor was she dying; she looked as healthy as when I had last seen her.

"Marina, when is your husband going to get out of jail?" I asked.

"He's sentenced for two months," she said.

"*Bueno!*" I replied. "I'll be back in a month and I can witness the ceremony. Will you promise to marry him as soon as he returns?"

She agreed. Then I was free to give her the Last Rites. I decided, too, to baptize her baby.

It was a good thing I did. A month later, when I returned, I asked about Marina.

"Marina and her baby died yesterday," I was told. ■■

DRESS PARADE

"LADS who live deep in the jungles of Bolivia set their own style in clothes," writes Father James R. Dyer. "They leave their jungle only once or twice a year to attend important fiestas in town. Then they put on their best. This usually includes footwear; each boy wears one shoe."



My Sacrifice and Yours

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

DEAR FATHERS:

I understand that I and all Maryknoll benefactors are remembered in more than 580 Masses offered up weekly by Maryknoll missioners.

I wish to help you train the 700 young Americans preparing to be foreign-mission priests in the Maryknoll seminaries, so that I shall have a share in the Masses they will offer later in faraway mission lands.

Please use my gift of \$..... toward the \$500 needed to educate one Maryknoll seminarian for one year. When I can do so, I will send other gifts for this purpose.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

It's a Dog's World

BY WALTER W. WINRICH, M.M.

■ THE YUCATECAN dog is a little fellow. His ancestor worked and played in the empire of the Mayas. He seems to have imbibed a certain bit of the Indians' rich culture.

He's happy most of the time. Every morning he plays in the plaza with the other dogs who accompanied their masters to daily Mass. He might even enter church and sleep while his *amo* prays. I have given up trying to keep him out of church, because he has proved by his politeness that he is not going to disturb anybody.

He comes to doctrine class with the small fry of the family. He generally rests under the benches while we are trying to get a bit of doctrine across to the children. One dog in particular, called Estrella (the star), likes to sit beside me, facing the children. He has been known to peek in on me while I sit in the confessional. More than once he has put his nose through my rosary as I tried to pray.

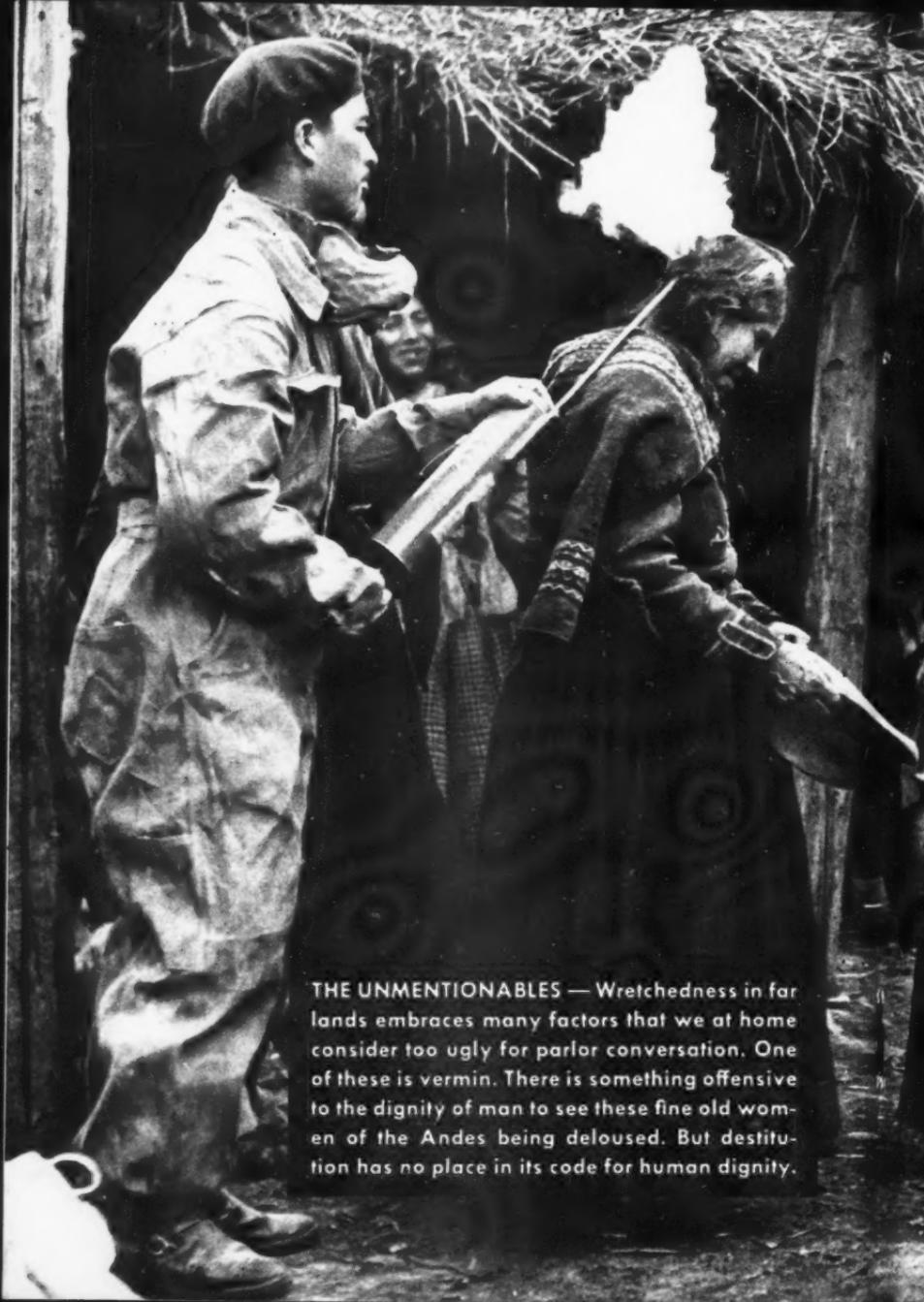
We had a big dog here last year, named Boots. He was helpless against his little canine* friends. They ganged up on him and managed to push him down a well.



Father Roman Kasprzak had one of the native dogs as his companion. At the end of his first long trip with the dog, Father Roman made a mistake. He felt sorry for his little friend and gave him a drink of water. It killed his pet.

These dogs protect their masters' vital corn fields from other animals, even including two-legged thieves. The Maya has no money to buy fencing, so he puts his confidence in fallen brush and in his dogs. His dogs are the better protection of the two. They are the best watchdogs in the world. When I am still a quarter of a mile from a Maya home in the woods, the dogs start advising their master of my coming.

When I come closer they try their best to appear ferocious. But their tails are beating the air for joy over seeing another man. I've never yet been bitten. ■ ■



THE UNMENTIONABLES — Wretchedness in far lands embraces many factors that we at home consider too ugly for parlor conversation. One of these is vermin. There is something offensive to the dignity of man to see these fine old women of the Andes being deloused. But destitution has no place in its code for human dignity.



THE WHOLE CHRIST

Maryknoll's Christmas cards charmingly and tenderly portray the Christ Who came to Bethlehem and later died on Calvary for rich, poor, black, white and yellow of every land on earth.



For the truly Catholic Christmas message of joy to all people use Maryknoll's own Christ Child Christmas Cards for your greetings. You will be pleased with their beauty and charm.

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me:

\$..... enclosed Please bill me.

Mr. Mrs. Miss { (please print or write your name clearly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

NEW 1954 CHRIST CHILD CHRISTMAS CARDS

Cellophane package of 21 different cards and envelopes \$1.00

Carton of 100 assorted \$4.00
(available assorted only)

Let us imprint your name on every card.
Extra charge for imprinting: \$2.00 for the first 100, plus 50 cents for each additional 100.

Gift Suggestions for Your Christmas List

PLAQUES —

**Distinctively pyraglassed and
in gift boxes.**

HOUSE BLESSING	\$3.00
KITCHEN BLESSING (red or green)	\$3.00

PICTURES —

For home, convent or rectory

**Our four most popular Madonna covers —
11"x14" — in full color — suitable for framing.
set \$3.00**

ROSARIES —

FOR LADIES

#323 Mother of Pearl	\$7.00
#308 Garnet glass beads	\$2.60
#309 Clear or sapphire glass beads	\$4.50

FOR CHILDREN

#321 Sterling rosary and case	\$3.90
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FOR MEN

#301 Man's black	\$1.90
#312 Boy's black	\$1.10
#311A Black beads, sterling	\$3.95

BOOKS —

THE MEANING OF MARYKNOLL This is a story every American can read with pride and enjoyment. A book that will make you richer and more willing to share of your own life. Beautifully illustrated. **\$3.50**

CALVARY IN CHINA "More moving than anything Graham Greene ever imagined," writes Dorothy G. Wayman of the Boston Globe. "A book for all Americans who love Christ." **\$3.50**

The Adventures of RAMON OF BO-LIVIA A new fast moving, action packed adventure story by Father Nevins, about the jungle land of the upper Amazon. **\$2.75**

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

My Book About God (for ages 4 to 8)	\$2.25
Listen To God (for ages 5 to 8)	25¢
Let's Pray (for ages 4 to 7)	25¢
Hail Mary (for ages 4 to 7)	25¢
I Believe (for ages 5 to 8)	25¢

CHRISTMAS BARGAIN OF ALL FIVE BOOKS (a \$3.25 value) for **\$2.90**

NOTE CARDS —

MADONNA BOX A new box of 24 beautiful religious note cards. For Thank You's and other short messages, every box contains six each of four full-color reproductions of new paintings of Our Lady. **\$1.00 a box**

To make your gifts more attractive —

Twenty large sheets (20"x30") beautifully designed, strong and flexible and easy to wrap around your gift — with tags and seals to match.

CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAPS
\$1.25 a box



USE COUPON AT LEFT

EDITORIAL:

Running Over

■ A STRONG help on earth may be accounted an even stronger one when translated to heaven. Societies after a number of years, with many of their members and friends and benefactors already around the throne of God, must have in the next world tremendous assets, treasures beyond compare. Maryknoll is one of these; for, although still quite young as religious congregations go, she is already old enough to have many friends in heaven.

She never can expect to have better ones anywhere, at any time, certainly, than her two founders, now long deceased. For Maryknoll is like every other family in having many pedagogues but not many fathers. That unique spiritual bond of paternity must always belong to these two chosen instruments of God — until time is no more. Do they exercise the office there, do they watch and pray, do they send down blessings from heaven on the Maryknoll they brought into being and tended and nurtured with such singular devotion, such fatherly care? One can-

not doubt it. And one cannot doubt, either, but that the same kindly aid and inspiration from beyond the veil will always be showered on the members of the Maryknoll family everywhere, including all the future generations.

THE GALAXY begins to form around founders in earnest, as the generation they knew and shaped personally runs its course and is fast succeeded by another. Work while it is day; we pass this way only once. We pass over oceans and continents, over green hills far away, and to the end of the rainbow, in searching out the missioner's pot of gold — a little sod to cover us and some good people to pray for us. We pass, when all is said, quickly enough. And so the two fathers of Maryknoll, never lonely there, are not even alone but find themselves already surrounded with a goodly company, reassembled members of a family now spreading over two worlds. All are cherished, unforgettable members.

The early pioneers, if anybody



This Month's Cover

The lady on our cover this month is a descendant of the mighty Araucanian Indians who successfully withheld for hundreds of years, attacks by white men on their homeland, which is now a part of Chile. The silver coins in her hair and around her neck are ancient tribal symbols.

may be called such, in the twentieth century — are almost all there; and many another who fulfilled a long space in a shorter time. Among them some who did so almost in the twinkling of an eye, by laying down their lives cheerfully, or by wearing them out apace in clinics, for God and their brother men. Yes, a faithful band, a respectable rank and file when put together. There is not one among them, sung or unsung, as we believe and hope, who has not added some sort of helpful strength to Maryknoll while on earth, or who will not, in that better world, add yet more.

THE FAMILIES who give their sons and daughters to Maryknoll are almost as close to her as the privileged ones themselves who give their lives. The fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of Maryknollers are united to the larger Maryknoll family by very strong ties; unique ones, including that special bond forged by a good gift when a bit of one's heart goes with it. Many of them have also gone to their reward, taking their attachments and interests with them. And whatever those interests may be, it would be strange if Maryknoll were not among them. The benefactors from all over the land who armed Maryknoll for her work faithfully and well while on earth — shall they cease now to extend their aid when they are close to the Source of all aid, when they have much more powerful means to help the work than ever before? It's hardly likely. Then add the ever-mounting thousands from the mis-

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

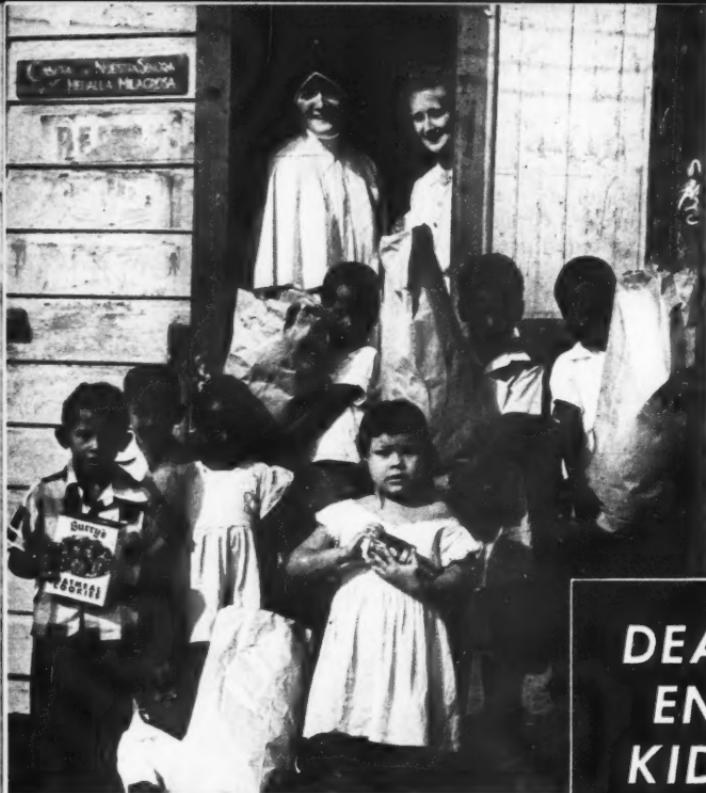


Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

sion fields who make their way to their Father's house and who owe to some Maryknoll missioner, under God, the faith that picked them up and took them there. And in simple gratitude, they probably lead all the rest.

MARYKNOLL-in-heaven, it has been called. Maryknoll was engraved in too many hearts on earth not to be known in heaven. May not great blessings be expected from that privileged, powerful source? Yes, it would seem so, multiplied and heaped up and running over, more and ever more, as time rolls on to be merged in eternity.

— Bishop James E. Walsh



DEAD-END KIDS?

Maybe — unless Sister can stay and teach them the better life.

Maryknoll Sisters give a lifetime of service in the far corners of the world. To train them for this work, is a solid spiritual investment for YOU.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$.....to aid you to train Maryknoll Sisters.

Name.....

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I shall send \$.....a month for the same purpose.
Please send me a monthly reminder.

GOLDEN PROSPERITY PLAYS HOOKEY

Fifty-six families were crowded into a three-room barrack.

BY SISTER JEAN THEOPHANE

■ THE MAI baby is awfully sweet. Little Precious Jade, who is eighteen months old, has a real personality. His mother watched as he crawled across the floor of our little convent at Chaiwan, one of Hong Kong's refugee centers. Then she raised tear-filled eyes toward us.

"Don't give me any more powdered milk for him, Sister," she said. "Thank you just the same, but we won't be needing it."

I thought that this poor family — who had been desperately in need — must have come upon better days.

"Has your husband found a steady job?" I asked.

She hesitated a second. "No," she said. "Not yet. But he has sold our Precious Jade."

I was aghast and blurted, "Sold Precious Jade?"

"Sister, he had to. A man he worked for offered him 2,000 Hong Kong [about \$350 in U. S. money] for the baby. Precious Jade will be better

off that way. It will mean that he won't ever be hungry again. He will get a good education and will have lots of advantages we couldn't give him. Besides, we need the money to take care of our other five children. None of those things, however, makes

Sister Antonia Maria aids homeless refugees.



it easy to part with Precious Jade."

That is just one story in many, here at Chaiwan. These refugees knew better times on the Chinese mainland. Many were once well-to-do merchants or Government workers. Now they have sought political refuge in Hong Kong and must pick up a living as best they can.

A few weeks ago, Father Duchesne told us about 56 families who had been living in caves ever since they came here from Red China. They were being sent to this refugee center. Sister and I visited them in their new quarters. All 56 families were crowded into a small wooden barrack that contained three rooms.

We hope soon to have brick homes ready for them. Each family will have a two-room bungalow and privacy. We have invited all the children — from the toddlers on up to those fifteen years old — to come to the convent once a day for a cup of steaming hot milk. Thanks to the National Catholic Welfare Conference in the States, we can provide this bit of help.

When I said "cup," I used the word loosely. The kiddies drink their milk out of old broken crocks, or even out of empty tin cans.

It is heart-warming to see how good they are to one another. Yesterday little Ng Wan Chung came running up to me with a coin. It was worth about 1½ cents. "Sister," he shouted, "there's a boy outside who needs a piece of bread to go with the cup of free milk you gave us. Can I give him this coin?"

Ng Wan Chung would have to go without his piece of bread that day because his father has to scrape to

make ends meet. We had been telling the children in school that day, about the meaning of sacrifice. Ng Wan Chung hadn't wasted any time. He put the lesson into practice, learning by experience about sacrifice.

We have six hundred and forty pupils in our school here at Chaiwan. They come from homes where the family budget is skimpy. Most of the refugees are near to destitution. Their children, like youngsters in other parts of the world, play hookey. The difference is that the ones here take "French leave" of lessons for good reasons.

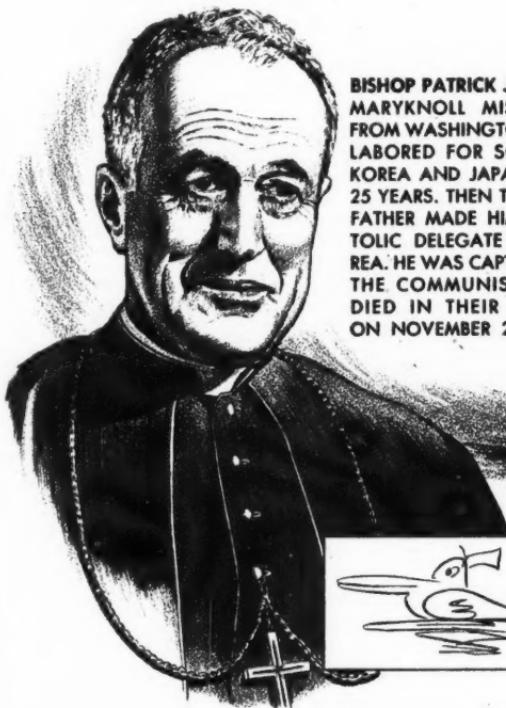
I noticed that Golden Prosperity's seat was empty for several days in succession. One day after school, I paid a visit to the hut where he lives, to find out why he had been staying away from class. Golden Prosperity had an excellent reason for playing hookey; his hair had grown too long and the family could not afford the price of a haircut.

It is an inspiring thing for us to see the length to which a refugee parent will go, to see that the children receive at least a bit of education. The value put on schooling for the children is aptly illustrated by Kam Heng's mother.

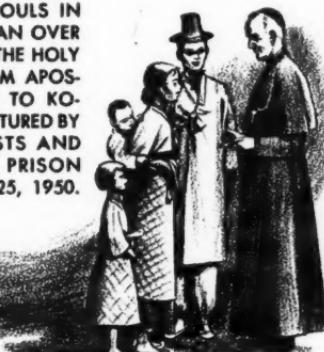
School books cost money and that is hard to come by in a refugee center where jobs are scarce. That made things difficult for the mother but not impossible.

Mrs. Kam picked over the leavings of the city dump for things of value. These she cleaned and sold, to pay for the books. She felt better doing that than if she got the books free.

MISSIONARY VICTIM FOR CHRIST



BISHOP PATRICK J. BYRNE,
MARYKNOLL MISSIONER
FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.,
LABORED FOR SOULS IN
KOREA AND JAPAN OVER
25 YEARS. THEN THE HOLY
FATHER MADE HIM APOS-
TOLIC DELEGATE TO KO-
REA. HE WAS CAPTURED BY
THE COMMUNISTS AND
DIED IN THEIR PRISON
ON NOVEMBER 25, 1950.



AFTER CAPTURE HE
COULD NOT SAY MASS
OR HIS BREVIARY. HIS
FAVORITE PRAYER WAS
THE "OUR FATHER."

THE DUCK WAS DRAWN
BY BISHOP BYRNE ON
LETTERS TO FRIENDS.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....

OPERATION CAMPUS



BY MORGAN VITTEGLI

What can these strangers in an alien land expect from you?

■ SHIRO OHTA is one of a number of Japanese students studying engineering at the University of California at Los Angeles. Apart from classes, holding "bull sessions" with other students, or sight-seeing within a restricted area, the social life of a student studying in a foreign land and living among strangers is most limited. Then one day last February he received a letter from a young doctor in Santa Monica, who invited

Shiro to have dinner with him and to meet his wife and children. A week later, after the doctor had driven down to Westwood and taken Shiro to his home, the young Japanese student was enjoying the warmth and friendship of a fine Catholic family, in whose midst he was to be welcomed many times thereafter.

The introduction of Shiro Ohta to this doctor's family was provided

by a Maryknoll seminarian who participated in a most important project being undertaken here in the United States.

There are at present over thirty thousand young men and women from every part of the globe, studying at approximately fifteen hundred schools in the United States. Many seminarians, as well as one of the *praesidia* of the Legion of Mary at Maryknoll Seminary, Maryknoll, New York, have contacted various colleges and student organizations, to get in touch with some of these students. The names and addresses of these students have been garnered from Registrar offices, Foreign Student Advisers at various schools, the Institute of International Education, and from American students who became acquainted with the visitors while attending classes with them, or even through chance meetings.

After securing a name, the seminarians try to introduce the student to some Catholic family whose members wish to befriend a student and will be sincerely interested in his welfare, studies, home and country. For example, one of the seminarians has introduced to some families a couple of these students attending Seton Hall University in New Jersey. In the case of students attending State colleges or secular universities, the Newman Club established at the school is often asked to act as liaison between the student and the Catholic family.

Through the friendships formed with Catholic families, it is possible that some students may become converts, but that is in God's hands

and is not presumed. What is desired, however, is that those students will receive an introduction not only to the Church, its beliefs and perhaps its liturgy, but also to the basic unit of our society, the Christian family. In this way not only will many materialistic influences that they encounter in their studies be counterbalanced, but they will also be favorably impressed with the work of the missioner when they return to become influential leaders among their own countrymen. Furthermore, some of these students are already converts, and they should be given the chance to observe the activities of a Catholic family living in a Christian country.

This project is not confined to Maryknoll alone. Perhaps the greatest part of the work is being carried on by Catholic families in all parts of the United States. Many Catholic students in our colleges and universities have formed lasting friendships with visiting foreign students, and as a result have brought them into contact with American families.

A wonderful example of this type of contact is the interest a student at a college in New England took in three young men from China who were studying at this institution. After several visits to his home a mutual affection grew up between the Chinese and the whole family of their American friend. Such encounters are being repeated in countless colleges throughout our land, and the hope is that more Catholic students will avail themselves of this marvelous opportunity for apostolic work.

There are some families who have



Thirty thousand foreign students and fifteen thousand foreign technicians are in the United States. All of them will be leaders in their homelands.

inquired at nearby colleges, to ascertain if foreign students were in attendance, and if it might be possible for the inquirers to meet one or more such students. Some universities, such as Columbia in New York City, have what is known as a Foreign Student Adviser, through whom such contacts are easily made. Using this method, a fine Christian family on Long Island has entertained numerous students of many nationalities, to whom the family was introduced by the Foreign Student Adviser of Queens College, which is near their home.

In addition to the efforts of individual families, are Catholic organizations of lay people. Among these, the World Federation of Catholic Young Women and Girls, the Christian Family Movement, the Catho-

lic Daughters of America, and various sodalities, have expressed great interest in the work during the last few months. Many of these organizations have already begun to carry out programs that are designed to produce a Christian influence in the lives of these foreign students. At the conclusion of a study week, the executive board of the World Federation of Young Women and Girls announced a substantial increase in the number of scholarships to Catholic colleges in this country, to be awarded to Catholic students from foreign lands. In addition, the Catholic Daughters of America and some sodalities have promised to find homes where students may spend their weekends and thus have a chance to learn about Catholic American home life.

In the Archdiocese of Chicago, groups of the Christian Family Movement, which has a membership of about fifteen hundred couples, have completed a survey of the foreign students in the Chicago area, and are now trying to put them in touch with Catholic families. The interest and enthusiasm of these and all the cooperating groups, which may be expected to spread both within and outside the organizations mentioned, bode well for the future success of this apostolic work.

Contrary to the notion of many, the fact that these students hail from foreign countries does not make it difficult to strike up an acquaintance with them or to entertain them. Many thousands of our soldiers who fought or were stationed in countries in every part of the world realize this. Fortunately, the same servicemen have had the opportunity of observing at first hand many of the nations from which these visiting students come. The servicemen's appreciation of the various national cultures with which they came into contact, as well as their knowledge of the problems and difficulties facing the various foreign countries, offer a splendid background for such friendships, and removes any patronizing attitude toward them.

Even without this aid, the con-

stant willingness of the American people to unite with and aid other countries, as manifested by our Point Four Program, and our loans or gifts of money and materials, commends itself to these young men and women and to the informed peoples of their native lands. Families in China, Africa, Japan, Bolivia and Germany, many of whom befriended our military personnel during World War II, have entrusted their sons and daughters to us for their education. The least we can do is to introduce these young people to one of the most important factors of that education, namely, good Christian family life.

For American Catholics, this apostolate represents Christ's command, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations . . ." When we consider that this command was directed to every single member of His Church, the presence of these young men and women studying in our institutions of higher learning presents an opportunity that many of our Catholic families can take advantage of. Added to this is the excellent chance to heed Christ's other words, "I was a stranger, and you took Me in."

With the Christmas holidays only a short time away, the hope is that the majority, if not all, of the visiting students will be invited to Catholic homes. ■ ■

WANT TO MEET A FOREIGN STUDENT?

IF ANY of our readers would like to invite foreign students to their homes but do not know how to go about it, they can write to: *Foreign Student Project, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.* Our seminarians have compiled a list of foreign students and will be happy to put readers in touch with students in their areas. The seminarians also invite the names of additional foreign students.





AUTUMN IN JAPAN

A COLOR IMPRESSION OF THE JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE IN FALL

■ THE JAPANESE are great lovers of nature. They spend all the time they can outdoors. Even the Japanese home is built to take advantage of the scenery about it: walls slide away to make the garden part of the living room.

Two big festivals come during the year — spring and autumn. During those seasons, the Japanese move outdoors. Parks are crowded (opposite) with picnickers; hikers parade beneath florid hues; and children, like the girl (below), paint the variegated colors. Autumn is the last big moment before the cold days of winter.





Japan has many large woodland tracts that in autumn become a paradise of color (above and right) for the nature lover. In many homes displays are erected (below) against a background of autumn foliage or chrysanthemums.







The autumn and spring of life are caught in this picture of a Japanese grandmother and grandchild. They know that the beauty of autumn is fast fleeting and that soon (opposite) winter will trace its art.





Food for the Dead

**Their concepts are as warped
as their hearts are sincere.**

BY HUGO GERBERMANN, M.M.

■ IN the Indian villages of Guatemala, All Saints' Day is devoted to the souls of the dead. Indians believe that on this day the souls of the dead hover above the graves where their bodies lie.

In the village of San Gaspar Ixchil, the people begin early in the morning to take food to the church: fruits, meat (both raw and cooked) tortillas and tamales. The village medicine men prepare the food for the souls of the dead. This preparation consists in lighting candles before the food, burning incense before it and chanting over it in singsong fashion. The ceremony continues throughout the entire morning.

In the afternoon, some of the food is given to the town officials for their consumption; the rest is taken to the cemetery and placed on the graves of the dead.

In other villages, the food is taken directly to the cemetery and placed,

MARYKNOLL

together with flowers, on the graves of deceased relatives. Those who have died recently are most abundantly provided for. All the while, marimba players hammer out mournful music. The people sit around in groups, chatting. Some of the men imbibe freely of fire-water.

In some Guatemalan villages chanters are still extant; these go from grave to grave, reciting prayers for the dead — for nominal fees. In Colotenango, the head chanter asked me for some Holy Water, so he could add solemnity to his ceremonies.

The chanters are remnants of the choirs trained by Spanish missionaries centuries ago. The chanters are appointed by the mayor of the village, for the term of one year. However, this profession must be learned by a long apprenticeship; the result is that the same man may be in office for nearly a lifetime. In San Gaspar Ixchil, there is a chanter fifty years of age, who has been at it since he was a boy.

The chanters specialize in ancient hymns that have come down from those taught by the early missionaries. No procession or church ceremony is complete without the chanter. The village pays his fee each time he performs in a public ceremony. This office provides quite a few men with an easy livelihood. Small wonder that the chanters are bitterly opposed to the Padre's doctrine classes.

By ten o'clock at night, the crowd begins to leave the cemetery. Some go home; others betake themselves to the nearest *cantina*, where the celebrating continues till morning. Popular superstition believes that the spirits come to eat, drink, and romp about in the cemetery during the night.

It's true, figures can be seen moving among the graves all during the night. By the next morning much of the food and drink will be gone. The ghostly figures prowling the cemeteries are actually fearless boys who come down from the mountains to help themselves to free meals. Yet when these lads grow up, they will continue the custom and try to assure themselves that the spirits do come out and consume the food.

When I arrived in San Gaspar on the third of November for Mass and doctrine, two of our Catholic boys who had been seen carrying food away from the cemetery during the night, were being hunted by the officials. They had to hide out in the mountains for a few days until the furor over their escapade was forgotten.

The Indians' purpose in giving food to the dead on All Saints' Day is, as far as I can learn, to appease the dead, so that they will be content and not bother their living relatives. The Indians spend All Souls' Day burying or burning the food the spirits didn't eat. ■■■

"1,400,000,000 people have never in their lives heard of Christ as their Redeemer, and all this despite the fact that twenty centuries ago He left strict orders with His followers to preach the Gospel to every creature." — Bishop John J. Wright

Curepto's Iron Man

What did Father do when three men on horseback bore down on him with frightening speed, yelling curses as they charged?

BY ARTHUR F. ALLIE, M.M.

■ FATHER JOSEPH CAPPEL's fame as a man of sturdy physique and seemingly inexhaustible energy preceded his coming to Chile. While he was in Korea, Father Joe and his bicycle were known throughout the mission. Weather did not daunt him. When the going by bicycle was too difficult, he carried it.

Now this priest from Cincinnati is pastor of Curepto, Chile. The same energy that took him over the Korean mountains, propels him over the Chilean hills as he covers his extensive parish.

Father Joe is a great tinkerer. It is amazing what he can do with a piece of bailing wire. He always carries a piece along on a trip — just in case an emergency should arise. The territory which comprises his parish is more adapted to horseback riding because of poor roads, but Father Joe prefers his bicycle, even if at times he has to push it.

The parish of Curepto serves a great number of smaller communities, tucked away in the folds of the mountains fringing the Pacific coast.

A sick call may mean a day's trip, but the iron man is undaunted. He travels over hill and dale bringing the consolations of our Faith to the sick and the dying.

On one of these sick calls, he had quite a narrow escape. It was a dark wintry night when he received a summons from a sick parishioner out in the country. About four miles from town, while making his way over a rural road, he was suddenly charged by three men on horseback. They bore down on him with frightening speed, yelling curses as they advanced. Father jumped off and ran to the side of the road. He had barely gained safety on the slope of the hill when one of the riders passed swiftly by, his steed putting a hoof through the spokes of a wheel. The apparently drunken riders rode on for about thirty yards more before they could wheel their horses. Then all returned to the attack, yelling as before. Meanwhile, Father had rescued his bicycle. The horsemen thundered by without seeing him.

When he thought his attackers

were sufficiently far away, he continued his journey on foot. Finally he neared a village. The people there had heard the noise, and some had come out to investigate and to escort the Padre to safety. The news of the attack spread quickly in all parts of the district. It soon became known who the attackers were.

Father Joe was urged to press charges against them but he refused to do that, preferring to forgive them and forget. This greatly impressed his people; an action like this is better than a sermon. Father Joe is no great orator in the pulpit, and he would be the first to admit it, but his works speak louder than words.

Father Joe has established old folks' homes: one house for old women and another for men. There, old people who previously had to beg for a living are given shelter, beds, clean clothing and food. They can face with calm minds the few years yet remaining to them, knowing they are in kind generous hands. This is another of his sermons.

The administration of a large parish; the care of the sick in a Government hospital; the parochial school for boys — all these make the day seem too short. But no matter how difficult yesterday was, he bounces back to the schedule of the next day with renewed energy. Where he gets it is a mystery.

Father Joe now has an assistant, Father John Moriarty, of New York

OUR THANKS
to you is best expressed by
our Masses and prayers for
you and your intentions. May
God bless and love you
always, everywhere!

City. The two share the work: One priest remains at the center, while the other one goes out to the country to visit one of the many mission stations attached to the Curepto parish. The trip involves saying three Masses, three sermons, baptisms, teaching doctrine, attending to the sick in the neighborhood.

Late at night, Father Joe returns to his home base.

Father Joe's constant application to duty is possible because he knows his limitations. Even though it appears that his iron constitution resists fatigue, he realizes that he will be in the parish for some years, and can't overdo it. He does not use up all his energy in short spurts but conserves it for the long run. He knows how to relax at the end of the day's work with his curate. He shrugs off his problems.

Not long ago, he was riding his bike down a hill when the handlebars broke in his hand. He and his bike parted company — Father Joe going through the air with the greatest of ease. He fashioned a new set of handlebars out of a stick and tied them in place with wire. Thus he was able to continue his journey. Next morning, wearing a black eye, he smilingly began the day's work as though nothing unusual occurred.

Probably, twenty years from now, he'll still be going strong with a new-model bike; and just in case, he'll have a piece of wire in his pocket. The iron man of Curepto won't be taking chances. ■■

How to Build a Mission

In a crowded, dirt-floored, mud-walled, grass-roofed shack set down on a barren East African hilltop, two Maryknollers live while starting a new mission among the Bajita tribe. They are Father William Murphy, of Pittsfield, Mass., and Brother Fidelis Deichelbohrer, of Wyandotte, Mich. Their home is humble and poor.

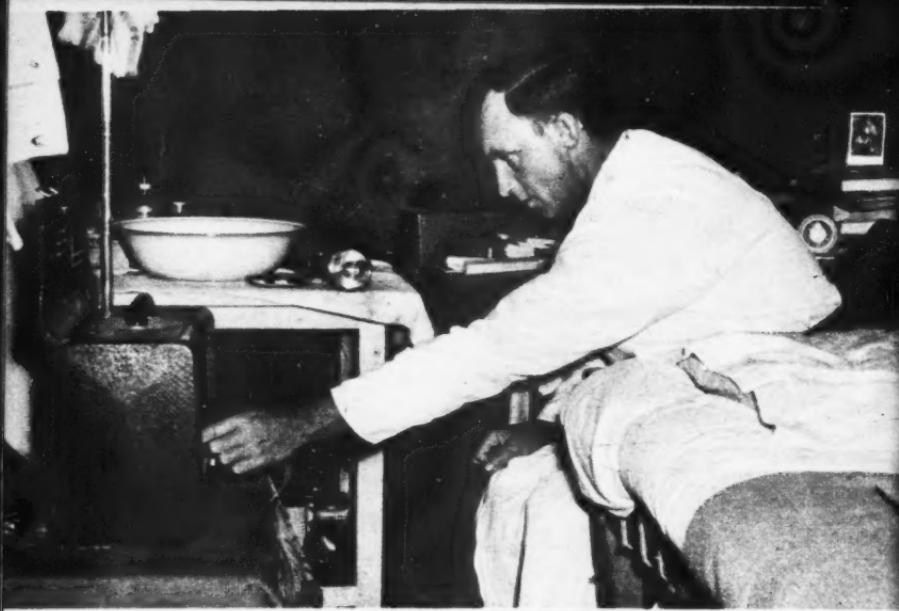
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With the crude outer wall of their hut behind them, the two missionaries plan the construction of their new mission to overlook Lake Victoria.

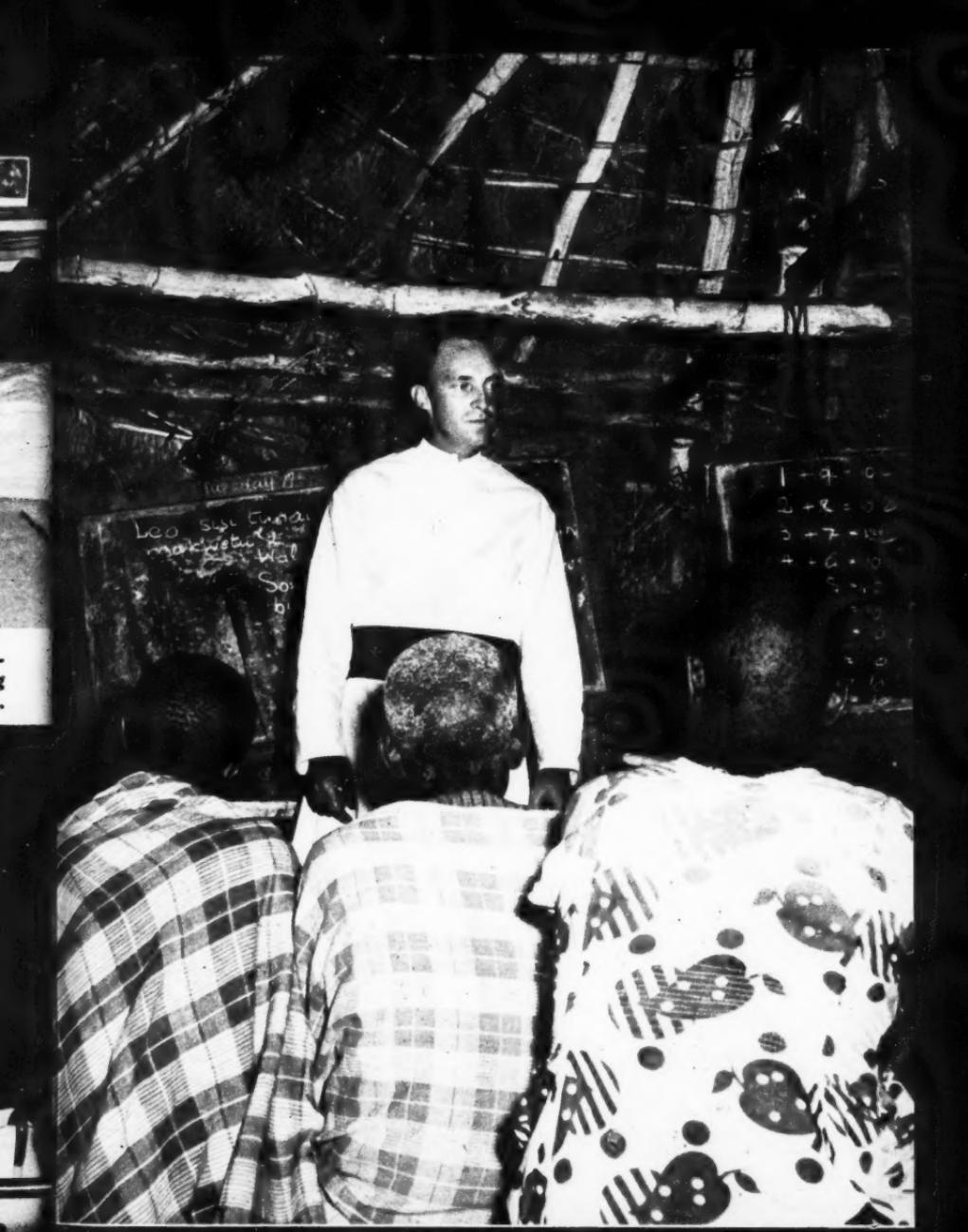
Father Murphy gets in some prayers in his "bedroom-study." The shack has only one room, which is divided for privacy by draping blankets.





Father Murphy attempts to get news from home via short wave. On the opposite side of the blanket Brother Fidelis checks his rifle before starting out to find meat for supper. The hut's grass roof does not keep out rain.





Father Murphy's tiny temporary chapel holds hardly a dozen people.
The chapel is used also as a schoolroom and Bajita catechumenate.



It's a big day when construction starts on the new mission. Brother has been busily engaged in building new missions since he arrived in Africa.



Christian women arrive, offering to carry water to make the mud bricks. The water must be hauled from Lake Victoria, three miles away. The floor (below) makes a blackboard as Father illustrates his construction schemes.



Letters OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without
first obtaining the writer's permission.

Sympathy

God pity the poor, misguided parent who wrote canceling his subscription because the magazine was giving his son ideas about becoming a missionary. I am the mother of six children, and I pray daily that God will take all of them into the religious life. Some time ago my eight-year-old daughter was watching a television program about the plight of children in Korea. She broke out in bitter sobbing, upon seeing some of the broken little bodies. I could only console her by telling her that I would send an offering in her name to you.

ADELINE A. McNIECE

Elizabeth, N. J.

Example

The article about the man who kept his lunch counter open an extra hour and gave the proceeds to the missions made a deep impression on me. I decided to send Maryknoll 10% of my extras. I just typed a thesis for a college boy. Here's your share of my \$50.

NAME WITHHELD

Baltimore

Priest of the Lepers

Thank you for the wonderful article on Father Sweeney and his leper work. I think the Communists reveal their real lack of interest in the "little man" by their failure to show any charity to the lepers. Who ever heard of the Commu-

nists working in a leper colony or giving their lives to the sick? Only love of Christ can persuade men to do this.

JOHN R. HALL

Seattle

Semper Fidelis

Here is a small donation towards the grandest cause on earth. People say we in the military have a rough time, but most of us don't have the guts that you people do. We in the Marine Corps have as our motto *Semper Fidelis*, which also reminds us of our duty to God.

Lt. VICTOR DE SCHUYTNER

Washington

Gratitude

I realize that God has given me a gift that some have not received — the great gift of faith. I realize also that He has given me the means to help a missioner, to feed a hungry child, to share with others in the Mystical Body the tremendously deep spiritual treasury that is our inheritance.

TOM MURPHY

Niles, Ohio

G. I. Tribute

If the good Catholic people in the United States could be in Korea and see the great work that the Maryknollers are doing, your subscriptions would double.

SGT. A. E. DIONNE
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

MARYKNOLL



FATHER RYAN



FATHER MULLIGAN



SISTER LUCREZIA



SISTER DE PAUL

Remember Our Dead

*Special prayers will be said at Maryknoll for your departed.
Please pray for these Maryknollers who died in the past year.*

FATHER JOSEPH P. RYAN died on November 9, 1953. His priesthood was twenty-six years of generous giving of himself. After ordination he was assigned to Wuchow, China. Later he served as a professor in Maryknoll's Major Seminary. His intellectual talents were many, and they were always at the beck and call of all.

SISTER MARY DE PAUL (Claire Cogan) died on November 18, 1953. She entered Maryknoll in 1921 and served in a number of responsible positions. For many years she was a member of the Sisters' General Council. She was Dean of the Maryknoll Teachers' College. Later she was Regional Superior of Maryknoll Sisters in the Hawaiian Islands.

SISTER MARY LUCREZIA (Mary Maniscalco) died on April 2, 1954. Her outstanding contribution to Maryknoll was twenty-two years of loving service to the community in the sewing room. Remarkable was her

extraordinary devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In view of this, it was significant that her passing came on a First Friday.

SISTER MARY ZITA (Mary McDermott) died on April 27, 1954. She was assigned to the Motherhouse for most of her religious life (twenty-five years). Many Maryknollers have reason to be grateful to her for her years of tireless work in the Seminary kitchen. Her passing followed several years of ill health, edifyingly accepted.

FATHER FRANCIS J. MULLIGAN died in a fire in Portezuelo, Chile, on May 16, 1954. Following ordination, he was assigned to China, and later was transferred to North Korea. He was repatriated early in World War II, and then assigned to Maryknoll's work in Chile. There his kindly priestly personality endeared him to thousands of people who have him to thank, under God, for a newly won grasp of the Faith.

Maryknoll Want Ads

CATECHISTS, to teach religion, work full time; \$20 a month will provide one in Hong Kong; nine needed.

MASS wine and hosts for a mission in Guatemala for a year can be supplied for \$25.

A COMPLETE CONVENT for the Sisters of St. Rose Parish, Lima, Peru, will cost \$30,000. Any gift is welcome.

A YOUTH CENTER in Tai-peh, Formosa, is urgently needed; \$500 will equip it.

MISSIONERS IN JAPAN need five sets of vestments, \$25 each; books for hospital patients, \$5; catechists' salaries, \$20 a month.

A ROOF over the head of a missioner in Central America costs \$250; \$100 will furnish his house.

CRACKED is the 100-year-old church bell. A new bell can be donated for a Bolivian mission for \$100.

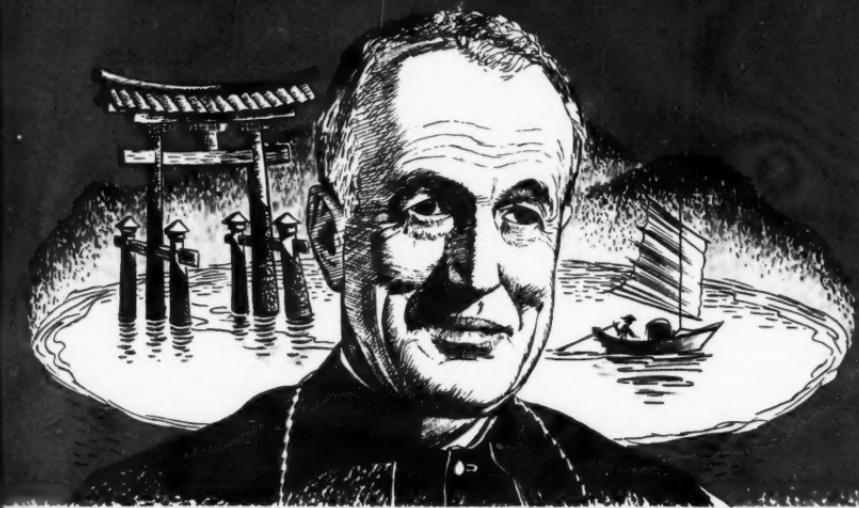
A FLOOR can be put in a church in Africa for \$150; a carpet for \$20.

\$2,000 will repair the church at Santa Maria, Philippines.

CHURCH WINDOWS \$50 each in Chile; 25 windows are needed.







MISSIONARY VICTIM FOR CHRIST

Bishop Patrick J. Byrne labored more than 25 years as a missioner in Korea and Japan. He was Apostolic Delegate to Korea when he was arrested by the Communists in July, 1950.

Four and a half months later, worn out by fatigue, mistreatment, pneumonia and disease, he lay dying on the cold ground. He died November 25, 1950. His last words to his prison companions were: "After the privilege of my priesthood, I regard this privilege of having suffered for Christ with all of you as the greatest of my life."

Some friends have contributed money in memory of Bishop Byrne for a chapel in Korea and another in Japan. You, too, may wish to send a donation for this purpose.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... in memory of Bishop Byrne for a chapel in

Korea

Japan

My Name

Address

City Zone State

People are Interesting!

The First
American Saint



1. In 1594 in the City of Lima, Peru, there lived a little girl named Rose, who was very holy.



2. Because of her complexion, she was called Rose, although her baptismal name was Isabel.



3. Rose built a small grotto where she said her prayers. She often brought sick Indians home.



4. When she was 20 years of age, she took the Dominican habit but continued to reside at her home.



5. During the day she performed her works of charity. At night she slept on bits of broken glass.



6. Rose died at the age of 31. For her miracles she was canonized the first American saint.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



grotto
rs. She
home.

of 31.
canon-
saint.